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INTER NOS

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Editorial

As the fourth issue of **Inter Nos** is distributed shortly before Christmas, it gives us an opportunity to wish a happy feast and the season's greetings to our students, our faculty and the host of other relatives and friends.

December celebrates some other of the loveliest feasts of the Church year commemorating on December 3rd St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit apostle of the Indies; on December 8th, the feast of Mary's Immaculate Conception; on December 21st, St. Thomas, the doubter, whose doubts resolved into his glorious testimony to his risen Lord, "My Lord and my God;" December 26th, St. Stephen, the first martyr; December 27th, St. John the Beloved; December 28th, the Holy Innocents—first to shed their blood for Christ.

Immediately follow the feast of the Circumcision, January 1st, New Years Day, and the feast of our own calling, the Epiphany or Manifestation, when the Kings, the Gentiles, were called, and we, the Gentiles, were called with them.

May the New Year bring blessings on you and all whom you love.

For the benefit of readers, who cannot be present for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of St. Mary's Hospital Tucson—the first hospital in Arizona—we print the Pageant written by Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J., for the occasion. A reader gave the story, depicted in a moving picture.

The Western province has been enjoying the honor and the pleasure of a visit from our Superior General, Rev. Mother Eucharista and our Councillor General, Sister St. John.

Three to Go

By Sister Mary Carmel, C.S.J. Orange

"Lady!"

Tim's voice lashed Lady's silken ears and jerked her frolick to a stop. The last time Tim spoke that way was when Lady chased the new calf. But now . . . It took several minutes to quiet Ginger. "Ginger." Tim had said it over and over as he and Lady romped through the valley. They had waited for today—today, Ginger arrived. Lady, as excited as Tim, had frightened Ginger by her barking, and now Tim was angry. Lady's fine pointed nose yielded to the pull of her spirits and she faded into her hole under the back steps.

Her nose alone showing, she watched her young master, Tim, admire his new horse. Ginger wasn't too large—just high enough for Tim to throw a saddle on without difficulty. She was a reddish-brown like the young maple leaves in spring, but her ears moved continuously from interest to anger. Lady noticed that Ginger shied easily. The carnival poster flapping on the fence post made her almost uncontrollable. Lady hoped Tim would be all right. They would have good times, the three of them, on those trips to the hollow tree or along the deer trails that led deeper into the mountains.

When Tim came back from the stable, Lady's tail beat a rhythmic thump as it hit the steps and the siding, her head resting on her paws, her eyes eagerly awaiting his call. Tim went straight into the house.

The next day as Tim bounded out the back door Lady leapt to her feet and gambolled around him on the way to Ginger's stall. This would be their first tramp together. She snooped about while Tim saddled Ginger and began her usual gay yelps as they started down the road. There was something wrong with Ginger. Tim couldn't calm her.

"Lady." Tim was off the horse and calling. He took the dog to the back steps. "Stay. Stay here."

Every day for a week Lady watched the two of them start out. Once, Tim took a lunch. That meant an all day trek. She heard Tim telling Dad how Ginger would come when he whistled and how he missed Lady on their walks. He said, "Lady must be jealous; she barks at Ginger and makes her nervous. Ginger will shy at almost anything along the road." She heard Dad answer, "Be careful, son. Ginger might have been frightened by a dog before. She'll get over it."

"I hope so." Tim's eyes blurred a moment and then brightened. "Tomorrow I'm going to explore a new deer trail we ran across today, but I can't take Lady. It's too narrow . . . I don't want her to scare Ginger."

The sun's fingers moved over the mountains, down their wrinkled sides and into the valley as startled waves of mist drifted slowly from their nightly hideouts and melted into the morning

blue. A mocking bird tested the newest addition to his repertoire and cavorted periodically into his patch of sky above the bald pine in the pasture. The strip of meadow held its breath as Tim and Ginger passed and then continued buzzing with the activity of many hidden creatures. Tim loved each muffled sound and knew from hours of watching what each one meant. He would have stopped today but for the excitement of exploring a new path through the woods.

"Stay here"—again she had to stay. Something inside of Lady drew her after Tim today. But no—again he said, "Stay there." Her eyes followed Tim until the turn in the meadow path. She got up and trailed Dad as he moved about the ranch, padding after him dejectedly. The chicks and young geese scratched and waddled undisturbed, and even a lizard sidled by without a challenge. When Dad took the tractor out and started toward the field, Lady turned back to her refuge and waited. Once or twice she lapped some water, stretched, turned around several times, and began waiting again. Her ears would take turns popping to attention and then falling listlessly. She wasn't sleeping—she was waiting—for what she wasn't sure, but she was waiting—listening—sniffing—watching for something.

She jumped, stood for a second trembling, and whimpered.

Just a few moments before Tim and Ginger reached a small clearing on the trail. Tim felt Ginger's tension and saw her ears jerk continually forward. He hoped he had been wise in bringing her on this new trail. He wished Lady was here. The heavy stillness, the almost cold of the shade, Ginger picking her way meticulously—a rabbit! Ginger bolted in surprise and crashed in a frenzied gallop through the dense brush. Tim, lost a stirrup and a low branch struck him from the saddle. "Lady" he moaned as he sank into unconsciousness. He lay still in the leaves and ferns, a few feet from the trail.

She heard it. Not the voice, but something inside of her shouted, "Lady!" and she answered. This wasn't the joyous caper Lady took when she and Tim walked. This was a steady, determined jog. The path—through the meadow, here the creek, she didn't stop to find the shallows, but plunged in and gained a dripping foothold on the other side. Several times she raced up and down the other side seeking—then she was off again . . . another trail between the rotting wood trees that had fallen and been left for years and crumbled as she stepped on them. Her dripping fur matted; burrs and thistles buried themselves in her rich coat. Once she whimpered, every muscle strained in seeking. Her keen nose told her that a jack-rabbit hid on the other side of that log. She saw the chipmunk sitting immobile by the wild berry bush, but her eyes and nose sought one thing alone now—Tim. Where were Tim and Ginger! Now the path! A deer path all right. The brush tore at her long fur as she followed deeper and deeper into the woods. She circled the clearing, yelped joyously as she found the scent, and darted on. Ginger snorted as she stood over Tim

and nudged him with her wet nose. One of the reins dangled uselessly from the bit. Tim didn't move. She started when Lady came, moved away, whinnied softly, and looked on.

Lady licked Tim's face, nosed his hand, and barked twice. Tim was still. She pushed her muzzle under his arm till it lay over her back—Tim would pet her now. . . . Tim didn't move.

Lady curled up close to her young master and waited. The dark loneliness of the woods crept upon them as the last rays of the sun could no longer penetrate the thick foliage. Lady waited. The topmost leaves of the trees were tarnished gold when Tim stirred. Lady jumped up and whined, "Come on, Tim, let's go home." Tim's eyes opened to a dazed cavern of leaves and branches, but Lady licked his face and tugged his coat. Tim smiled weakly, but said, "Lady, go home!"

Go home—Lady's head drooped, her ears turned questioningly to Tim, she nuzzled him again, but "Go home" came again. He meant it—no walk even today. . . . Ginger left hours ago. Now Tim said, "Go home."

Lady knew what Tim wanted. Tim had taught her the meaning of all those little commands, and she loved to follow them, loved to hear Tim's proud laugh when she did it well. Now . . . now she had to go home. She looked again, and then turned to the trail the last bit of happiness gone.

Dad stood holding the broken rein after putting Ginger in her stall as Lady moved sadly into the yard.

"Lady," he called hopefully, "Lady." She turned her beautiful coat a mass of tangles and dried dirt. "Lady, where's Tim?" Tim—the word shot through her and she was the romping pal again. Tim! Find Tim? She knew, it was a game! Lady barked and leapt toward the road. Grabbing the hand torch, Dad followed. She knew . . . the meadow path, the brook, between the rotten trees, the clearing. . . .

Tim didn't come out even to see Ginger. Dad stopped now and then to chat with Lady; he took her with him to the pasture, but it wasn't the same. Then one day Dad called Lady. He held the door open, and beckoned her in. Lady followed him up the stairs, and into a room. She heard him—Tim! "Come, Lady, ol' girl, here." Lady's head rested in Tim's hands. She trembled with happiness and little whimpering sounds told Tim her joy. "Now you'll come . . . no matter what. . . ." Tim was saying. But Lady had already found her place on the woven mat by his bed—her place . . . and she could stay.

Christmas Thoughts

"NO ROOM"

By Sister M. Dolorosa

A dying shaft of sunlight cut aslant the purple shadows of Bethlehem's hills, pale silver in the dusk of the day's chilling winds, about to give place to the cold of a winter's night.

Caravans trundled noisily over the narrow cobbled street; lone horsemen spurred their jaded beasts to reach a haven before other travellers should secure the favored corner by the fire, or at least to come near the warmth of the blaze in the animals court.

Advancing slowly because of the jostling crowd, a man plodded wearily, leading a small grey donkey, on which a heavily veiled woman was riding. The man's clothing showed him to be an artisan. In spite of evidences of poverty, he was noble in dignity of face and carriage; his eyes were troubled as he glanced at his young wife, noting her pallor and the weariness of her drooping shoulders; though each time their eyes met, she gave him a cheering smile.

On the outskirts of Bethlehem Joseph halted to ask for lodging, at the first small inn on the roadway. He got no farther than the door.

"No more room—filled up two hours ago."

The voice was loud and final, and the same answer came from every inn and from every private dwelling.

"No room. No room! Bethlehem's full tonight."

Sometimes the rebuff was harsh and sneering; sometimes there was a note of sympathy, but no attempt to find a shelter for the Virgin's Child. Mary's gentle smile met each rebuff. Yet knowing that Joseph was worried and very tired, after trudging so many miles, she tried to cheer him.

"Let us go on a little further, God will provide in His own good time."

Thus they wandered on until they came to the hills, bordering the edge of the town of Bethlehem Ephrata, the home of their royal ancestors; for they were of the line of David, the King.

As a boy Joseph had tended his father's flock on the grassy hill sides, and played with companions in the caves, carved by rains from some rocky cliffs. Some of the larger caves were used in winter as shelters for a villager's ox or ass. One of these would be better than exposure to the night air, already grown chill. Turning at a path, which led half way up the slope, Joseph said.

"Let us find rest in that central cave."

Mary answered, "Wherever the dear Lord will."

The entrance to the cave was low but its interior rather spacious. An ox and an ass were bedded there and their breath had given a little warmth to the damp air. There was a small manger and some fresh hay and straw. Quickly, Joseph piled some of this as a resting

place for Mary, while over the straw in the manger she spread a square of spotless linen and a little lamb's wool coverlet.

It was nearing the midnight hour, and the stars were in the midst of their course, when the most stupendous event in human history took place—the Word made Flesh—appeared as a helpless Babe.

In a shepherd's poor cottage in Bethlehem, a little child cried from its sleep.

"Mother wake up. Hear the beautiful singing. It sounds like 'Glory to God.'

But the mother answered sharply,

"Go to sleep child. 'Tis midnight. There is no singing."

* * *

Year of Our Lord 69

Nero lolled sensually, coddling his lyre and smiling cynically.

"Christianity is dead. Let us to the Saturnalia," and his raucous voice tried to catch the tone of the twanging string.

In a delapidated hut on Tiber's bank, a Bishop fed his flock the Bread of life, while nearby a fisherman's wife sang to her child, whispering the story of the Baby Jesus.

Year of Our Lord 1940

Stalin quaffed his vodka; his breast swelled with a sense of his might.

"Christianity is the opiate of the people. First its priests must be liquidated, then its churches turned to the advantage of the godless."

In a cottage in the Ukraine, "Comrade Rotsvinoff" whispered to Katrinka, his wife,

"Watch the kitchen window while I slip out to the barn to get the Father. Cough if any one is about, and dress little Peter. Open the trap door carefully, and tell our friends below, that it is time for the Midnight Mass." And again, in the darkness of a Russian night, "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us."

Year after year, as the planets race in their unwavering course across the Creator's sky, in the Yugo Slavia of a Godless Tito, in the Red China of a Mao Tse, in the Viet-Nam of a tortured Christian people; in our own loved country—(May God keep it free!), and throughout the world, Christmas comes again, Christ's birthday is honored, and

"Glory to God we are singing still."

The Nomination

By Nancy Chelewa

Leaning across the table Christi smeared an affectionate kiss on her mother's forehead.

"Bye Mom, I'll be home when you see me. Be good now." Christi dashed out the kitchen door, shading her eyes against the glare of Friday's sun. Without any reflection her left foot overstepped the familiar curbstone slightly throwing her off balance. Recomposed she continued along the pine-hedged sidewalk. As she hurried along her full skirt flew in the May wind. A scarf was tied tightly around her black hair and her cheeks were bright from the whip of the wind. Her oval face was dimpled and smiling and her dark eyes carried an expression of mischief.

"Oh! Oh! Here comes that DRIP. I sure wish Sister would change his seat. Those wisecracks of his have got to go!"

"Hi Christi, going to help me live it up on my seventeenth birthday? You know it's not every girl that can date a 6 ft., 200 pound quarterback and a star at that."

"Who are you trying to kid, Bill Clark? You couldn't even make head water boy on the girl's volley ball team."

"Ah! That's only one woman's opinion. See ya' Christi, got much to do this morning, important business you know."

"See you around, Bill."

The usual five blocks seemed like twenty somehow. But at last she turned the final corner and hearing the 8:45 bell, Christi quickened her pace and darted across the street.

"Oh Christi, wait for me; wait for me."

With a start Christi turned to be greeted by head cheerleader, Ginger Bailey.

"Hi Gin and how's life since I saw you last night at 1:20."

"Let's not mention last night, okay Christi? Everytime I think of us slaving over that class prophecy I could scream and we aren't even half done yet."

"Don't worry Gin, we'll make it somehow. Remember our troubles a few years ago with the eighth grade prophecy, but we finished it, not saying how!"

Ginger pondered for a moment. "You know it seems funny but we've been doing things co-op all our lives. I make a motion we form a brotherhood, but not right now. Let's rush or I'll be adding another tardy slip to my mound."

Christi and Ginger took the last steps of the school two by two.

"Hey Gin, wait a second. I'm checking the bulletin board to see if the student body nominations are posted."

"You go ahead, I've got to chase it pronto."

Christi strode past the trophy case and stopped. "Oh no, it can't be, it just can't be." Her eyes moved slowly over the official sign. Candidates for President: Frank Stedmen, Vince Thomas . . . Vice-

President: Bob Campbell, Roger Blake . . . Secretary: Ginger Bailey, Christi Marshe.

"It's a horrible mistake. Someone is playing a practical joke. I can't run against my best friend." Christi surveyed herself in the glass trophy case. "I'll decline; I'll tell Sister that I don't think I'm capable. The whole school's for her and I'll probably only get one vote, my own. Any body would walk to China to take Ginger out and here I'm 'sweet sixteen and never been kissed.' Ginger always says the right things at the right time and Sister never calls her down. I have the strange habit of sticking my foot into everything."

"Hey Christi, shake out of it. You'll never be the best tackle on the football team if you can't spot your interference."

"Oh, hi, Bob! What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing very world shaking. Hey, Christi, I want to ask Ginger to the Junior-Senior Prom. Think you can soften the path for me?"

"Sure . . . sure, Bob. I'll beat the path but you'll have to travel it fast if you want to take her."

Christi hurried down the corridor. As she opened the door of her history class, she caught sight of Ginger's eyes in a meaningful glance. She knew!

"Pardon me, Sister. I'm sorry to be late."

"Take your seat, please, Christine. Incidentally before I resume class I thought I would mention that I sincerely hope that all the candidates for student offices accept the nominations and the best of luck to all of you in the elections." ?

Christi smiled lamely at Ginger, but Ginger wasn't smiling. She just looked at Christi.

The school buzzed with excitement. Christi felt the tension as she moved from class to class. Her eyes wandered over the familiar surroundings. The halls were draped with gaudy green and white signs which acquainted the student-body of the championship status of St. John's baseball team. To the left the journalism class door was slightly ajar and a blend of excited voices and typewriters clanking echoed into the fast emptying corridor. The last members of the physical education class straggled through the main door to the shower rooms. The bell sounded its final warning.

Christi liked English. It was interesting and Sister Bonita was her favorite teacher. Sun shone through the many windows and reflected on the green walls. The class passed quickly and the abrupt shrill of the bell interrupted the reading of "The Merchant of Venice." As expression of relief was evident Christi nodded to a group of girls and walked out of the classroom. Time for lunch, she mused. Wonder what they'll have in the cafeteria.

Christi opened the swinging doors of the cafeteria. Picking up a tray, she loaded it with a salad, sandwich, and a bowl of chicken noodle soup.

"Is that all you're having today, Christi? No dessert? We have your favorite chocolate sundae."

"No, not today, thank you, Charlie. Must think of the figure."

Christi ambled toward a table of chattering freshmen. "Hi everybody. How's life in the lower sphere of existence?"

"Aw heck Christi, don't rub the caste system in!"

"Hey Chris, have you decided to accept the student body nomination? Loads and loads of kids can hardly wait for the assembly this afternoon, because the minute you say yes, my two friends and I are rootin' for you."

"Thanks much kiddo but I'm not sure what I'll do yet. Well, I'll see you all at assembly."

Christi balanced her tray and brushed by her fellow classmates. She was in no mood to see them right now, so seated herself in an empty booth. Picking up her fork, Christi realized that she was no longer hungry.

A steady stream of high school students sauntered in and out of the cafeteria. Above the din one voice in particular reached her ears.

"The gall of that Christi Marshe, honestly! Here she follows a girl around all these years, little Miss Shadow, herself, and then comes up for the same office. That girl couldn't even breathe if Ginger didn't first. Christi Marshe just hasn't the character, if you'll excuse the medieval word, to stand up and fight."

Christi couldn't listen anymore. These were HER friends. She left her untouched tray and walked out of the cafeteria. Tears streaked her cheeks.

How could they say such a thing? How could they?

This was Christi's big decision but what could she do? Stealing past the student body office she slid into the rear of the chapel.

"Dear God, you just have to help me. My own friends have turned against me and I don't know what to do. I just hate to lose anyway and no one will ever know that I'm just afraid of what everybody will think."

Christi pondered for a moment. "But you will know, won't you dear God?"

"Christi . . . Christi Marshe. You'd better hurry." The bell rang.

Christi turned "Oh . . . Oh thank you very much." She hadn't realized how long she had been kneeling. Shooting one last glance toward the altar, she genuflected and hurried out of the chapel. Bookless, she brushed by the loitering groups on the way to her Biology class. Opening the door Christi hurried to her seat.

She sat there for a long time it seemed. It was hot and she didn't care one bit about the life cycle of a fly. Her eyes wandered to the window sill where slender green sprouts were pushing up through the brown earth of the windowboxes. "They seem to possess no fear, thought Christi. It's a shame that human beings don't look at life the same way."

"Miss Marshe, please pay attention!"

Christi brushed a damp lock from her forehead. "Of course Sister, please excuse me." The hands of the clock moved slowly toward their destination. The shuffle of feet aroused Christi. Class was out. Picking up her purse she pushed by the desks and out the door. At last she could be alone . . .

"Christi, Christi Marshe." Christi's multi-colored skirt circled. Her gaze reflected the clean-shaven face of head baseball coach, John Framptom.

"Good afternoon, Christi. Do you have a free period now?"

Christi thought for a moment. She had wanted to be alone but . . . Yes, Mr. Framptom, what would you like done?"

"Well right now, I need someone to type a paper for me. But first I have a short baseball meeting. Would you mind?"

"Of course not. I'd be happy to." Christi followed the coach into an adjoining room. The baseball players were assembling. Cleats scraped the floor and loud voices cut the air, and confusion was rampant.

"All right boys, quiet please." Silence settled over the room. The coach continued. "Some of you may not know why I called this meeting so let's get down to brass tacks. As you all know we've tied for the league championship and our opponents, Mary, Star of the Ocean are pretty strong this year. Yet I feel we have a chance if we put everything we have and a little more into this game."

Christi stared at the blackboard. Unconsciously she smoothed a lock of hair into her pony tail. A vestige of smile broke across her drawn lips. Everyone knew that Mary Star was the favorite to win, but if St. John's had the necessary self confidence, who could tell.

The coach smiled warmly at his ballplayers. "Always remember boys, that you should go into any contest with the idea that you're as good as your opponent. Play your best game and if you lose, you can look anyone in the face and know you did all you could. That's about all I have to say. Don't forget, three o'clock practice at the field."

The ballplayers nodded approvingly. Coach Framptom had hit the spot.

Christi didn't move. A breeze filtered through the blinds and she looked up. She wasn't a baseball player, yet . . .

The assembly was full. A sea of eager faces breathed excitement as the chairman mounted the stage. But where was Christi?

"Members of the student body, the first order of the day is the acceptance of student body nominations."

The upper classmen watched the procedure with mock superiority. They were just waiting.

"And for the office of student-body secretary, Ginger Bailey, do you accept the nomination?"

"Yes, Mr. Chairman. I do."

"For the same office, Christi Marshe, do you accept the nomination?"

SILENCE . . .

"Is Christi Marshe in the auditorium?"

Heads nodded. They knew she wouldn't go through with it.

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, here I am over here."

Christi stood framed in the doorway.

"Mr. Chairman . . . I do accept the nomination."

Letters from Abroad

ED. NOTE: *Sister Timothy, Sister Alice Marie and Sister Eloise Terese of the faculty of Mount St. Mary's, after studying at the Sorbonne, toured Europe. Extracts from their letters may prove of interest to our readers.*

French Line "Liberté"

Wednesday June 15th

We have decided to begin this letter to all of you a bit before landing so it will be ready to mail when we arrive. We have not been able to sleep because of the motion and the noise of the motors over our cabins. The weather has been very bad, no sun, and just a tiny patch of blue yesterday afternoon for a few minutes. It is invigorating this way, but it would be nice to watch a beautiful sunset or sunrise. There are three priests on board so spiritually we are faring wonderfully. At the present moment, the three of us are bundled up in our deck chairs just being lazy. Does it ever agree with us! They serve us bouillion at 10:30 and tea at 4:00 so that helps to thaw us out. The meals are really elegant—no chance of dieting at all. I am saving all the menus so you can see when we return how elaborate they are. We are traveling on the average of about 525 miles a day so we are really making rapid progress across the Atlantic. The only things we have seen since we left Saturday were a boat far off in the distance Sunday and a school of porpoises. There is no lack of people on board—all three classes are crowded—everyone has been most kind and we were given passes which give us complete access to the ship so it has been a very pleasant trip. I'll close so the others can say a few words too. Keep us in your prayers.

SISTER ELOISE TERESE

Now it's my turn. The ocean has been very calm. The first two days it was as smooth as a placid lake. Since then it has been a somewhat ruffled lake, but still nothing like what we might expect. You should have seen us on Sunday when an Emergency Drill was held. We all reported to our staterooms, donned our life-saving jackets of bright orange and followed the arrows to the location of our various life boats.

Every morning we go on an adventure up to the Chapel, located on the top deck in the first class section. It is a very beautiful little chapel. There are three Masses daily.

Dr. Otero arranged for us to go to dinner with him in Cabin Class dining room for the party night on ship. We enjoyed the dinner very much. We returned to our cabins after it, but the party continued on into the night with games and dancing.

Love to all. Pray for "les voyageurs."

SR. ALICE M.

June 15, 1955

The musician's (questionable) turn to tune up this note with the cheery remark that we are wakeful at night and sleep is made up in the deck chairs by day. You can imagine how I feel each night when I think that I am going to bed about 10:00 p.m. only to remember that a printed notice says: Please advance your clock *one hour* at midnight. By tomorrow I shall have lost five hours sleep—a staggering thought for *me*!

Last night we went up to the First Class "Salon" to attend a Piano Recital by Edith Vogel. It was a Benefit performance to augment The Seaman's Fund, and it was well attended.

Early in the morning we do fall into a deep sleep. However, last Monday the boat stopped at about 4:00 A.M. and we all woke up. Later we learned that a young man, 22, had gone "overboard". Accident? Suicide? Murder? No one knows. He could not be found so the ship pushed on. We have been praying for him. Love to all.

SISTER TIMOTHY

Lourdes, France

June 20, 1955

Your letters which greeted us at the American Express Company in Paris were very welcome. We hope you will write again soon.

Sunday we left Paris and found out that second class on a French train can be very pleasant and comfortable, provided all eight people in the compartment are congenial. We stopped over at Bordeaux for several hours, during which we visited its very beautiful and old Cathedral which was built in the early seventeenth century. Then we attended the International Fair at Bordeaux, expecting to see something interesting, but we were disappointed as it was full of mechanical displays for the greater part, and the international part included only French Colonies.

Porters are at a premium in these parts. We really do miss good American Red Caps when it comes to carrying luggage.* We thought we left everything heavy in Paris and were traveling light, but after yesterday, we aren't sure. We are taking turns carrying the hot plate and saucepan so that we can boil our drinking H₂O. You surely appreciate good old U.S.A. and its sanitation and good drinking water.

The day at Lourdes has been most impressive. This morning we went up to the Basilica for Mass and Holy Communion. I enjoyed the great privilege of serving Mass at one of the side altars. This afternoon there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Rosary for the sick who were all wheeled out by volunteers into the great square before the Basilica. Tonight we took part in the beautiful candlelight procession which wended its way all about the Basilica, beginning at the Grotto. Despite the present day move to the vernacular in the liturgy, it gave one a great sense of unity to observe that while different groups joined in when the decades of the Rosary were in different languages, all joined in the Latin decade.

*(An understatement, according to my colleagues.)

all sang the Benediction hymns, the Credo and Salve Regina together. Today there was a pilgrimage of 25,000 soldiers of the French army here, also one from Quimper, in Brittany in which the Breton women wore their native headwear, one from Holland, and a group of miners who wore their work suits and carried their miner's lamps with them—all polished up for the pilgrimage.

You would never guess the hour, so I'll stop now. Mass is being offered for all of you at Lourdes and for Father O'Reilly. How is he? Love to all. We will be back in Parish by July 3. Maybe we shall visit St. Ignatius' home at Loyola tomorrow. Send all letters to American Express Co. Paris.

SISTER ALICE MARIE

And now "moi"—If I am last it is because I have to spend so much time keeping the look of an *American Sister—clean*. (Can't let the Bishop down!) Before we left Paris we *moved* into an *American-run* Hotel. We had spent two nights in one that could have been used by Napoleon and Josephine. . . It is rainy over here so I purchased a rain coat in *Paris* at the Marche' aux Puces (Flea Market). I am sad to report that it does *not* make me look stream-lined. . . We are very sad to leave Lourdes. We would have loved to have had more time here, but we did spend much time praying for all our Sisters and the needs of our Community . . .

Love

SISTER TIMOTHY

P. S. If Sister Alice Marie started at late night to write this letter, think how closed my eyes are by now. I don't like the way the Sisters say to me—"I *hear* you slept well last night.)

Lourdes, Mon. Eve.

And now for my addition to Sr. Alice Marie's newsy bits. I just asked her if I might tell you the exciting thing that happened in Paris last Saturday. Dr. Otero invited us to dinner and as we were waiting on the corner of Place de Vendome whom should I see coming toward us but two American priests. On second glance, I realized that I was staring right into the eyes of BISHOP SHEEN! We haven't recovered from the joy of meeting him. I don't really know what we said but he remarked that he had noticed us, and realized we were American Sisters because we were so clean looking. Our pass word now when we don't feel like getting cleaned up in the morning is: "Remember what Bishop Sheen said." Well, to come to the present—we have spent a wonderful day here in Lourdes and have tried to remember all of you and yours in our prayers. The entire tenth French army is here, along with the miners and Breton peasants. We have no idea of numbers but the candlelight procession tonight filled the Esplanade. I was afraid that the rain would cancel the processions but it cleared both at 4:30 and 8:30. We leave tomorrow for Madrid. I do hope you are enjoying your retreat—remember us. Your last letter was a real treat to find at the Ameri-

can Express—we do so love hearing the news from home.

Love

SR. ELOISE THERESE

Granada, June 28, 1955

At present I am a *weary* traveler who is looking forward to staying in *one* place for more than a night. We now hope to be in Paris by July 2.

Spain has been full of sights (not including us)—but there's no place like home.

The Sisters ask me to give you the little details of our trip and so I leave it to them to give you the highlights. We have stayed mostly in *1st Class Hotels*. Nevertheless *we* have not escaped a certain little creature that makes on us a polka-dot pattern in red dots. We must have *hard-* looking faces because there we are untouched.

We could not afford to travel by air so we hired a car and a driver for the trip from Madrid to Seville to Granada. Perhaps he was trying to make us feel like we were having an *air* ride. We had to remind him *frequently* to go more slowly.

We thought of you yesterday when the Summer Session started at the Mount. Best wishes—and a hope that there will be news from you when we reach Paris.

Love,

SISTER TIMOTHY

Station S.A.M. signing in. While we were in Madrid, we took several side-trips. One was to Toledo—a most historically interesting walled city set high in the hills. It has a wonderful cathedral, high battlements, and among other things the home of El Greco where the rooms are just as in his day. His paintings of the twelve Apostles and of St. Francis of Assisi are there, too.

One of our greatest thrills was visiting Avila and seeing the Convent of the Incarnation where St. Teresa lived so long. We saw the exact room where Christ appeared to her in the parlor, the room where St. John of the Cross was in ecstasy, her cell, the Chapel where Christ spoke to her—all of them as they were except part of the Chapel. Avila is also a walled city.

The same day we visited the Escorial, where Philip II of Spain lived for so long. As our guide was showing us through the gorgeous Chapel, the Augustinian Monks were chanting the Divine Office.

The Moorish architecture with its delicate mosaics is meeting us at every turn in these parts of Spain.

We speak of all of you often. If we should be tempted to forget, the heat of Spain is a constant reminder of some of those warmer summer days at the Mount. There is much to tell you that we haven't written. Happy Feast of the Visitation. Happy July 4th!

SR. A.M.

Hotel Victoria, Granada

June 28, 1955

Just a week ago we were writing you from Lourdes, and now we find ourselves in Southern Spain. I'm disappointed for I've seen no gypsies nor singing and dancing. All this doesn't take place until 11:00 P.M. each evening. We saw the gypsy cave-dwellings when we climbed to the top of the Alhambra and got a good view of the old and new Granada. What I have enjoyed about our trip through Spain thus far are the many opportunities I have had to speak to the ordinary working people, clerks and soldiers about Franco and present day Spain. We almost had a chance to have an audience with Franco but my companions thought it best not to keep an eleven A.M. appointment with the Marquis de Huetor who would arrange the meeting! I did persuade them to go out to El Pardo, his residence, heavily walled and guarded. He has about three hundred Moorish personal guards who wear baggy blue breeches and white caps and capes. Two of them were on Arabian steeds standing guard while about ten patrolled on foot. I was daring enough to ask if we might take a picture but we were refused in true gentlemanly Spanish style. It was worth the trip out, however! You can guess how delighted I was when I visited the Institute de Cultura Hespanica which had granted me that scholarship three years ago and they presented me with 3000 pesetas (75 American dollars) for me to visit Spain. This is a baby fortune and I surely was grateful to them. We visited the University which is both attractive and functional. But the heat is not conducive to study. We are gradually becoming accustomed to late hours. It is now eleven P.M. and life below us is as noisy as if it were seven. Oh lest I forget—one of our classic experiences—Sunday when we finished touring the Cathedral at Cordoba, Sr. A.M. and I decided to visit a building that had a guard so we thought it might be something public. Imagine my chagrin when he answered by inquiry with "This is the Royal Residence of His Excellency, the Archbishop of Cordoba!" Every one of his trilled r's reverberated through the corridors. Needless to say, we retreated! Well, tomorrow early we leave for Valencia so I'd best close. In spite of our wonderful opportunities to see so many worthwhile places, we still miss the Mount and all of you. Don't work too hard.

Devotedly,

SISTER ELOISE THERESE

Paris, July 5, 1955

Any resemblance between the above pictures is not accidental. It just shows what fleas, heat, train-travel in Spain, and one day of French, will do. I needed a "photo d'identite!" in order to get student rates to museums, etc., (I hope the Louvre). The first-mentioned "offensives dropped off at the border or custom's office, Paris is cool, we ride the bus to the Sorbonne, and with a little more sleep than when traveling I hope to look "normal" again. Things have been rather quiet—not even a "pop" on July 4. Please keep writing to us.

We go to the American Express every day to hope for news from *home*. The U.S.A. still holds first place in our hearts.

Love,

SISTER TIMOTHY.

Really, with the above pictures, I don't need to say too much more except that we are now being very exemplary students at the Sorbonne, rushing out each morning to make an 8:50 class which lasts for me until 12:30. You can well imagine how hungry I am about that time. I was also registered for another class from 2 until 4, but when a Christian Brother heard that schedule he asked me if my Superior had intended my leaving my bones on French soil! I shall have earned six units so I am satisfied and much happier to have the afternoons free. I don't think I told you about my mishap in Granada. We were due to leave on the 8:00 A.M. train for Granada, but had a rather late start because the "concierge" at the hotel wouldn't believe that we were not traveling with the group of Swedes—so we wasted precious minutes trying to pay our bill. Well, to get back to the taxi—as we careened around a corner on two wheels, I heard a heavy thud. Looking out the back window, what did I see but our black suitcase which had fallen off the rack above and which was now with all contents spilled on the street car tracks. You've all dreamed about such things, and you can guess my feelings as I leaped out, raced back, rummaged through for the raincape and stuffed all the contents in. I tried to muster all my dignity, as well as the dignity of all my ancestors, as I walked along the tracks, broken suitcase, a raincape—knapsack, and the gaping onlookers on both sides of the street. No, I shall never forget Granada—and, yes, we made the train! It was so good to hear from you today. We surely realize how busy you are so the penned lines are appreciated more than words can say. The influx sounds almost impossible—no doubt, you are already saying "One week down—just four to go." I surely wish I were home to do my bit, but when I get back, I'll let you each take turns just sitting while I do your bit—that's a promise. I'd best do a bit of studying so goodnight for now. You are all in my daily prayers—try not to work too hard. Love

SISTER ELOISE THERESE

You can't imagine how much we enjoy the letters from home! We hope they keep coming. We are finding out how large the Sorbonne really is. Sr. Eloise has classes about a block away from Sr. M. T., and I am at least six blocks away from them. The chairman of the department of Chemistry, to whom I had written from L.A., placed me with a very learned and kind scientist who is working in the field of Electrophoresis, a new and interesting study in physical and biochemistry. The man, Dr. Mendes, who speaks some English, and his wife who definitely does not speak English, are both assisting me with a problem assigned by him. It should prove useful and interesting.

We met Sr. Marie Philippe of St. Paul in the French classes yester-

day and three other St. Paulens today. I don't know what they are doing, except that one is Sr. Rosalie who has been in Rome all year. More particulars later.

Speaking of meeting people, we met Mrs. Atwill and Betty in the Escorial in Spain. The first thing our guide told us was that he had taken two I.H.M. Sisters through the Escorial the day before. In Seville, as we were eating breakfast, a Paulist priest came up and introduced himself. He had been up to the Mount a few times for Confession. His name was something like McClary or McClurg. It is very interesting to watch how almost any place a group of silent strangers will become a noisy and happy group almost instantly when someone hears American English being spoken. Yesterday a lady who heard us at breakfast, introduced herself and gave us a bottle of Nescafé since she knew we would appreciate it. The coffee is so poor that we haven't had any since we came.

Love to all.

SISTER ALICE MARIE

(P.S.—Please do not lose my “photomaton.” It is not insured and would be useful for a brochure in the future. Sr. T.)

Paris, July 14—The Fall of the Bastille

Dear All of You—It is a hot day, and we are here in the Lounge watching the big parade on television. This is going to be a noisy celebration, judging by the airplanes overhead and the periodic gunshots. Two Sisters of St. Joseph from the New York province are coming to visit and Murielle Rheame has invited us to her place this afternoon for a home-cooked French dinner. She looks wonderful and loves Paris more than ever, but realizes that she should return to California soon. Tuesday I rode to the top of the Eiffel Tower and had a beautiful view of Paris and the suburbs. In a second, the atmosphere changed, and the worst storm in years (according to the natives) burst. It is some sensation to be that high up with lightning flashes and thunderings plus buckets of water falling. We really got soaked in spite of the raincoats that we always carry with us. Fortunately, the electricity wasn't cut off and we got to the bottom without any mishap. Classes are progressing as usual, and each afternoon we find out some hidden Parisian “treasure.” You are all remembered in our three wishes at each new church visited. I hope that all is well at our favorite Mountain top. Until later then.

S.E.T.

Dear All,

Happy Bastille Day! Last week-end S.M.T. and I went on two guided tours of Paris. One was modern (“from Napoleon to now” is called modern here) and one historic—before Napoleon. It was wonderful to see the many places one reads about in history, e.g. Place de Concorde where so many were killed by the guillotine, the site of the Bastille, burial places of the kings and of Napoleon, the Pantheon where great leaders in all fields are buried. In there

Rousseau and Voltaire lie facing each other. Wonder how they like that.

My chemistry professor is very kind to me. Last week he took me to where Madame Curie's daughter, Mme Joliot, works in the Curie Institute. She looks just like her mother. Yesterday he took me out to the Radium Institute outside Paris where they have the kind of great kettles that Madame Curie used in preparing radium.

We had the best electric storm this week that I have ever seen or heard. It lasted at least five hours. After carrying an umbrella to school every day, I had gone over to St. Roch's Church before it started. After awhile Sr. M. T. arrived with rain equipment. . . . After this letter was started we discovered that the best parts of the parade were passing at the corner of our street. So we went down with the N. Y. Sisters, who arrived meanwhile, and took some pictures. It was so colorful—even to the black French Morocco regiment.

Love to all.

SR. ALICE MARIE

July 14. Greetings! Tomorrow we are to have an interview with *Mauriac*. Sister Eloise Therese's next letter will probably be full of the impressions. I am now supposed to inform or advise you that you will each be receiving 5-word-post-cards. Please fill in and read between the lines as it is difficult for us to send "sensible" 5-word messages. We have not been able to find any *bargains* here. Prices are high—French Pastry is *good*. At the Cafe we pay 125 franks for what costs us 45 franks at the Bakery. Therefore we buy from the latter and have dessert in our room. One soon learns how to "cut corners." A cool summer to you. Love.

SISTER TIMOTHY

Paris—July 27, 1955.

Dear Mother and Sisters:

Today is just *not* My Day! This morning I was supposed to meet Sister Rita Agnes—Music at St. Rose's College in Albany—and together we were to go on the equivalent of a Greyhound Bus to Fountainbleau. It seems that my message of *where* to meet me was misunderstood. She waited an hour for me at one place—near the bus, while I waited for her at another. The only *difference* was that she saw the bus leaving and got on while I thought that since she had not come on time we would go elsewhere. She called me four hours later—from Fountainbleau! She today—alone, and me tomorrow—alone!

One day last week Sister Eloise Therese and I took an hour's ride to Chantilly where Princess Broglie—a friend of Muriel Rheaume—has a country estate. The Princess *also* has French Poodles. We arrived by taxi at the gate and had a long walk to reach the house. After a few yards of penance—walking on sharp and irregular "pebbles"—a few dogs heard us and gave the alarm. Sister

Eloise asked if I thought they were at *large* and did they bite. I assured her that valuable dogs with royal pedigrees would certainly be fenced in—and yes, they had quite sharp teeth. Before I could continue a mad barking began and I soon was to realize that *at least* 50 of these precious species were out “on parade,” and had us surrounded while they pushed, barked, and jumped on us. I heard Sister saying “Nice Doggies.” She forgot that these were really *French* poodles—who only understood French. I took off my gloves and extended them to all interested sniffers hoping that any real hungry ones would sample them first before getting my fingers. At this moment a woman from the kennels appeared and gave us directions to go to the right path leading to the Princess. We were happy because the dogs lost interest in us and followed her. We *nearly* made it to the front door when a *Standard* size poodle—about Lady’s size—rounded the corner of the house and barking furiously got to the door first. I saw a man look out from a high window. By other windows I could watch his quick descent—probably another spiral stairway. Well, he saved us from that one—but we were greeted by *five* of that size in the front hall. We were taken into a side room and were asked to be seated while he (the man, not the dog) went to inform the Princess that we had arrived. (She must have been deaf if she didn’t suspect something had arrived). The dogs followed the man who closed the door as he left. But we were not *alone*—one Big size—didn’t make it to the door in time so came back to see that we didn’t move around this beautiful room. And we didn’t. The Princess was very cordial and insisted that she show us some of her very fine pups. Before we left all 108 dogs had barked themselves hoarse at us. We were glad to have a quiet ride home on the train. Chantilly, to me, no longer means “lace”—but “barking dogs” in the first place of my memories. The lively little account has me exhausted. I’ll sign off now. Lovingly,

SISTER TIMOTHY

(*To be continued*)

1880 — 1955, A Pageant

DIAMOND BELLS ACROSS TUCSON

A narrative drama

By Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J.

Directed by Peter Marroney

Commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of
Saint Mary's Hospital, Tucson, Arizona, 1880-1955

PROLOGUE

Chorus:

Bells for a jubilee. It is proper.
A hand-wrought song on wind wings
telling its story.

Choral selection

Solo: (man)

Silver bells are sweet, and lives
are often brightened by their music.
Golden bells are mellow, and those
whose fingers set them pealing
are blessed beyond the ordinary
span of years allotted to a man.
Diamond bells. You have not heard
their chime? That is not strange.
Few are they who have been spared
to shape a bell of diamond,
for this is precious stuff, and,
in the providence of God, who
planted gems within the earth
to delight his little children,
must be sought and mined and
polished, cut by many hands.
And so it takes a multitude
to set diamond bells to ringing,
and it takes an ear attuned
to spirit chimes to grasp
a diamond message.

St. Mary's bells, today, are diamond.
Their chime is strong and resonant
as befits a sanctuary for broken
bodies and weary minds. The Sick!
O how Christ loved them!
We do not read He touched the poor
or laid His hand upon discouraged brows.
The sick—the suffering it was
who felt the hand of God
in healing. And so a hospital
must be very dear to Christ!
It would be base betrayal
to think a hospital a place
for food and rest and care
for bodies only—a place of suffering
and sorrow, to be spoken of in tones
hushed with sympathy.

Full Chorus:

Listen! Listen to the music
of St. Mary's diamond bells!
They are ringing, winging, singing
out a song of life and hope.
There is courage in their chiming;
there is sacrifice and prayer.
The harmony of human sacrifice and
God's love are blended there!

Full Chorus:

Listen! Listen to the music
of man's love for fellow man,
for He who taught the parable
of the Good Samaritan,
has seeded elements and factors
within His universe, that
man's genius may discover,
use, re-creating,
may taste the joy
of alleviating
the suffering of his brother.

Full Chorus:

You think it strange to hear
a symphony along
hospital halls?
Today the song
of diamond bells
in jubilee
ring out across Tucson
a thrilling symphony!

*Two scenes—old and modern hospital rooms**Solo: (Man same as first)*

They play the counterpoint
 of all the lives behind the label
 on each medication—the minor chords
 of poverty and failure that precede
 the rare successes won for healing.
 The strange, weird melodies
 of brain and heart wave detection apparatus;
 the sweeping passages of growing therapies,
 x-ray, oxygen, physio, radio-active;
 powerful movements of the broad spectrum antibiotics.
 There is a song of life in every instrument
 beneath the surgeon's hand,
 the rhythm of precision in every touch of care,
 the fluted obligato of Christ's presence
 breathing life into every measure,
 and the strong, resonant theme
 of the diamond bells of St. Mary's Hospital
 telling their own story.

May you, citizens of Tucson,
 hear the message of the diamond bells,
 and be not surprised at finding music
 in simple and forgotten names,
 in brusque, scientific terms, in common,
 ordinary tasks, in suffering when it
 is recognized as a way to God, in death
 when it is met as the door to Life.
 And you will hear their message,
 for it is you, Tucsonans, whose hands
 have cut these bells of diamond.
 St. Mary's is your hospital, your
 refuge in time of need. Here, many
 of you were brought to earthly life:
 here, many of you will be led
 to eternal life; here have you been given
 health that you may live life more abundantly

Full Chorus:

So ring, diamond bells of St. Mary's!
 Ring out your story of hopes and fears.
 of courage and hardship and toil and prayer,
 of love of God through love of neighbor
 for all these diamond years!

Close of hospital Scene

(END OF PROLOGUE)

Solo: (woman)

Nuns there had been, for ages, in the church,
cloistered women leading hidden lives of prayer,
teachers, some, who gave instruction to the few
who sought them out within their quiet bounds
And so it was for sick and poor, alike,
who might receive some small comfort
at a convent door. For centuries, this sufficed.
But centuries do not repeat themselves, but grow
and make demands that oftentimes
seem radical and bizarre to those who
set themselves upon a single way.
The vision of the Church is broad, and
in her wisdom, knows how to lean
to growing centuries, that in her wide embrace,
she may bear them safely home to Christ.
But because she is a cautious mother,
she acts but slowly, and Bishops who had
sought nuns to go about the villages,
to live in closer contact with the world,
were disappointed, until in sixteen-hundred-fifty

Scene of Le Puy

a Father John Paul Medaille was granted leave
to found a group of Sisters who could blend
the lives of work and prayer to serve God
through service to their neighbor.

Solo: (man)

Thus it was, in old Le Puy in France,
a few unknown, young women knelt
before Bishop de Maupas du Tour
and spoke their vows to God, and in return,
received from mitered hand, a habit and a veil,
and were named Sisters of St. Joseph.

Hymn to St. Joseph

For St. Joseph was of prayerful silence,
a carpenter, who, day by day,
did simple tasks, and who was glad
because it was for Christ he labored.
It was thought no better patron
could be found than Joseph
for the little congregation.
No towering cathedral lent its splendor
to the scene, for chosen to be witness
was the humble chapel of an orphanage.

but words of Bishop de Maupas, words he spoke there as to each Sister he presented her profession crucifix, live on.

Living tableau of Bishop de Maupas and Sisters

Bishop de Maupas:

Wear it openly, bear it bravely,
just as Christ did up anguished heights.
Carry it down ways of pain, into homes
of fever, into warrens of the poor.
Bear it to far off lands. Be it
your oriflamme to light you to victory.
When in death, you resign it, let
other hands and hearts like to yours
in consecration take up the burden,
preserving it ever in their
and your society's keeping
during the onrolling centuries.

Solo: (man—as before)

Years mourned and welcomed monarchs
in hurried flame and sombre pattern
since that fifteenth of October,
sixteen-hundred-fifty, and it did not
seem long before the first of the onrolling
centuries had passed.

(Close of tableau)

Full Chorus: (Mixed)

Ring sweetly, bells of old Le Puy,
for this first hundredth jubilee,
and in your ringing,
set to singing
chimes across the sea.
Had you not sung your antiphon,
Today, we here in Tucson
might never have heard
the valiant song,
the diamond bells
peal loud and strong,
the diamond bells of St. Mary's
echo the bells of Le Puy

Solo: (woman)

Jeanne Fontbonne had been a girl
whose qualities of nature and of grace

had early marked her for distinction.
And so while she was still
a young religious, Sister St. John
was singled out to be superior
at Monistrol. It was not for long.
France was fevered and delirious,
and soon the Curé of Monistrol had sworn
the oath, and since Sisters of St. Joseph
would have no part with him,
they were dispersed and could be religious
only in their hearts until
Robespierre announced a price
upon their heads, and once again they donned
their cherished habits that they might be clothed
as Christ's and give open praise to Him
within the sanctuary of a prison cell.

Scene of guillotine

Mother St. John and a few,
companions lingered there, while others
gained the palm of martyrdom.
And so when news was brought to them
that their turn would be tomorrow, they rejoiced
and spent the eager night in preparation
to meet the Bridegroom.
But God did not so will, and when the jailor
raised the lock, it was not to death,
but freedom, for Robespierre, himself, in turn
had quenched the thirsty guillotine.
It was a disappointment, and Mother St. John
humbly spoke,

Mother St. John

My Sisters, we were not worthy
to die for our religion.

(Light fades to Mother St. John)

Solo: (cont'd, woman)

But she who could not die
was saved to live that she might give rebirth
to the scattered congregation, and
after years of banishment, Mother St. John
Fontbonne was appointed superior and named
Foundress of the Congregation of the
Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons,
Mother St. John, valiant woman,
who reached her strong hands to the work

of restoration, bargained back, and built
 and planned ever increasing fields of labor
 for her daughters—for her country,
 France, poor bleeding France, so in need of care.
 But Mother St. John's courage proved
 irresistible, and children of the
 revolution grew to long for greater
 conquests, and at her bidding, bore the cross
 beyond the boundaries of France and over Alps
 and Pyrenees, across the broad Atlantic
 to a new continent, to land
 that had been claimed for Louis, King of France,
 and now had passed into the hands
 of a new nation, in a country named America.

Close of the Mother St. John Scene

Solo:

It was eighteen-thirty-six when the first
 Sisters of St. Joseph settled in a village
 beside the sweeping Mississippi.
 It was a tiny village, dotting slopes
 and lowlands, called in fun, "Vide Poche"
 "Empty Pocket." But it bore another name,
 bequeathed by Spanish general, Carondelet.

Scene of Cabin

And on the crest of river-canyoned bluff,
 a roughly hewn log cabin, with an outside
 ladder stairway leading to a cot-less,
 hayloft dormitory became the cradle and
 the Mother House of the Sisters
 of St. Joseph of Carondelet in America.

Live Dialogue

Father:

It is but little I can give to you
 who left a land like France for this—
 this shamble of a cabin with the bitter
 rain seeping between each log—My God!
 A little bread and cheese!

Mother:

You are kind, Father. This bit of food
 will sustain us. And we are warm, now.
 Bishop Rosati brought us cloaks today.

Father:

The Bishop! He must have trudged the muddy miles
on foot! Twelve of them here and back
to St. Louis! "Too poor, too poor," I've heard him say,
"to own a horse!"

Mother:

It is the poor who help the poor.
We would not trade our cabin convent
for a castle! Don't you see, Father,
it is so like Bethlehem!

Solo: (cont'd)

Like Bethlehem it was, in poverty,
and like Bethlehem in love, and grace
abounded in its barrenness and overflowed,
pouring itself out in frail vessels
wherever humanity cried its need
And from Carondelet, as out from Lyons
and old Le Puy, the congregation reached
its arms north and south and east, and quickly
as the first, a second century
came and went.

Close of Carondelet Scene

Full Chorus:

Ring sweetly, bells of Carondelet;
the tones are rich in your motet.
Two hundred years
and your pioneers
see whited harvests yet.
Had the martyrs feared
to shed their blood,
had the Sisters fled
from fire and flood,
your chimes could not have ever rung,
the message here would be unsung,
for the diamond bells of St. Mary's
but echo the bells of Carondelet.

Solo: (cont'd)

Days of valor had not here ended,
and within fifteen years, the nation
had turned upon itself in civil war
and Sisters had to quell the feelings that
were theirs by right of birth in North or South

and leave their classrooms for the battlefield to care for Christ wounded in His Members, and Sisters of St. Joseph won from Union and Confederate alike, distinction for their bravery and care. And when the nation stood again in peace, there came a new pioneering—in eighteen-hundred-seventy, a trek of seven Sisters to the West.

Solo:

It is a story we love to tell,
this new pioneering, this rattling, chugging
train across the level plains and giant
Rockies, over tumbling rivers and stark
chasms to meet the hustling hill-clung city
that was San Francisco. Then by steamer
through the Golden Gate, southward
to a pueblo clustered by the mission
San Diego de Alcala, and
from there, the final trek by covered wagon,
a covered wagon so inadequate
that only six could fit beneath its shelter,
and one, Sister Ambrosia, volunteered
to face the blistering sun beside the driver.
Had Sister Monica not kept her diary
of the thirteen days of anguished travel,
we who have grown so familiar
with silver wings slashing barriers
of mountain heights and desert alkali,
with streamline trains in sleek security
speeding their steely tracks, with ribboned
freeways parceling the land in neat
bundles of scenic pleasure—we would never
have visualized the rickety wagon swaying
frantically over rutted mountain passes,
teetering down to sterile wastes
of gray desert laced with sandy creeks
and nomad trails lined with clean white
skulls of parched cattle.

Scene of Sisters in Procession

To us, such bones are picturesque. To them,
they cried of living creatures that had known
the thirst they knew and had not reached water.
The long processions when riding was impossible
and Sisters picked the gleaming candles
of the yucca, and bearing them aloft,

Hymn—Ave Maris Stella

sang hymns—sang—while neat black shoes
were wearing thin from rocks they were not shaped
to tread, and stockings that were once of black
took on the purple hue of clotted blood
and clung tenaciously where cactus thorns
and venomed desert insects pierced and tore
at unprotected feet and legs.

Scene of Crossing the Colorado

The lunging craft across the Colorado.
the sudden relief of Father Francisco's meeting
them at Yuma, swallowed in the mounting
terror of Apaches—ominous mounds
of gray rock along the stagecoach trail,
and closer to the journey's end, the closer
loomed Picacho Peak. Two mammoth rocks
form but a narrow pass, and here,
massacres were not infrequent. And even
the arrival of a mounted escort
from Tucson could not efface the haunting mounds
staunchly raising their brave bits of crosses.
Midnight. They would plan to pass Picacho
at midnight. Far ahead they could see its peak
jutting out from the black velvet of the
desert, and as it grew into the
heavily spangled sky, guns were cocked.

Scene of Picacho Peak

Even Father Francis clutched a rifle.
The citizens closed in about the wagon,
spurred the horses deep into their flanks,
and with a suddenness that split the night
into a thousand ghostly arrows, they screamed,
shouted, yelled, flung their strident cries
out into the spurious silence. This,
this, their one hope, to deceive the Indians
as to their number—if the Indians were there.
And then they knew. They knew beyond a doubt
that hidden in the velvet folds, Apaches waited.
For through their own piercing shrieks, they heard
the sound they had been waiting for—hoping
they would not hear. The galloping horses had
jerked their sweating heads—and neighed.
"The Indians! The Indians" echoed and re-echoed
through the rocks, and throats grew parched
and paralyzed as each man strained to give

his voice the power of ten men's voices.
 And all the while from twelve to four there was
 no respite from the noise and gallop and the
 fear that drew the hours into eras
 that defied the count of time.

Then all was quiet.
 Danger lay behind, and on ahead,
 an adobe town, squat and drowsy, sprawled
 among the tufted desert mounds that now,
 in spring, glowed in golden palo verde,
 crimson ocotilla, cactus blossoms,
 copper, flame, magenta, yellow
 creosote and lacy-leafed mesquite.
 Old Tucson, and next door to the sun-dried
 brick cathedral, San Augustin, a thick-walled
 adobe convent opened into flowered
 patios and vine-arched corridors,
 and seemed as strange to weary Sisters
 as the lilt of language they could not understand.

Scene of the Welcoming Procession into Tucson

But they were welcome there, met and led
 into the city in a burst of fireworks.
 Three thousand lined their way with burning torches,
 and mission bells peeled out the joy
 of their arrival. Thus Arizona opened
 its first school by these first Sisters
 of St. Joseph in the West.

Solo:

The harvest they had found was ripe, and more
 and more braved stagecoach travel through the desert
 to share the labors of the pioneers,
 until it was deemed wise to form a province
 in the West. So on an eminence
 of Tucson Mountains' foothill, Mount St. Joseph's
 Novitiate was built of sage brush and adobe,
 fashioned by the Sisters' toil-engraved hands,
 furrowed as the hands of Joseph must have been.

Scene of Bishop, Sisters, and Indians with Stones

For ten years, the Sisters had been teaching
 when Indians pleaded for a trade school
 for their boys. Bishop Salpointe, too,
 thought it would be good, and chose a site
 upon the rising ground beside the Novitiate,
 and Bishop, novices, and Indians
 carried in their hands the stones

from the little quarry that still is called
 "the Bishop's hole" on the side of "A" Mountain
 to the spot where the foundation
 was slowly being laid.

It was eighteen-hundred-eighty, and the pueblo
 was teeming with excitement.

Steel tracks had fought their way across
 the desert, and a train would soon replace
 the lumbering stagecoach. But high had been the price.

Apache raids and accidents, malaria and
 fever took their toll among the railroad workers

And the West was rough. Rough as its terrain
 were the men who rode its ranges,

worked its mines, frontiered its searing
 deserts, and quarrels were settled at higher
 costs than words. Men's bodies needed care
 beyond what help the doctors could afford.

Southern Pacific turned to Bishop Salpointe.

A hospital was needed. He looked at the foundation
 of his trade school and knew what he must do.

It was not easy. The Indians were resentful,
 and only after long and patient pleading

would they resume reluctant work

on what was destined to become—the first hospital in
 Arizona.

Solo: (woman)

Nurses? A few Sisters who could be spared.

It was well the Novitiate was so close
 and so equipped with its own farm.

Mother Basil, the provincial, she
 who had already pioneered from France,

would take charge. Sister Justine,

Sister St. Martin, both from Canada,

Sister Julia, who had been teaching in Tucson.

were chosen, and two young Sisters

from the Novitiate, Sister Mary John*

and Sister Mary Joseph.

Scene of First St. Mary's

Solo:

In April, eighteen-hundred-eighty,

St. Mary's Hospital was opened.

"a veritable jewel," it had been called.

"in its platinum desert setting."

We can see it, gleaming white, its broad

* Died at St. Mary's Hospital, on September 7th, 1955, in her 94th year. She had been 78 years a religious.

verandas looking out to crooked roads that twisted off to mining claims and ranches, or bent along the base of hills to the mission, San Xavier del Bac, or down St. Mary's Road that led across the railroad tracks into town. We do not know from which direction St. Mary's first patient rode, but we know his name—Martin McFadden. And we know that he was brought in with a broken leg. Martin McFadden, the first of all the thousands who were to follow, those who, in pain, were bumped along the agonizing miles in creaking wagons.

They were a motley group, those first patients at St. Mary's. The painstakingly inscribed records, conjure up for us a vivid picture. But One, a Pima Indian, gave his birthplace as Arizona. A few had come from the New England colonies, a few from out the South, and all the rest smacked of world adventuring: Ireland, Scotland, England, China, France, Germany, Australia, Austria, Jerusalem, Chile, Mexico, Sonora; and diagnoses might seem colorful to us, gun shot, burnt by camp fire, injured, delirium tremens, wounded, consumption, typhoid, malaria. Twelve beds, in eighteen-hundred-eighty, when no wonder drugs or serums eased the burden of sufferer or nurse, and men in such conditions were apt to be unkempt and not easily amenable to hospital care!

And so few Sisters—

The days and nights proved all too short for the work there was to do. The Sisters cooked the meals and cleaned the rooms and scrubbed the sheets by hand, bent above the bed-sides of the patients with every care within their power to give, ran the farm, and prayed. The hours of prayer were paramount as they are now paramount, for without this bond of union with their God, all service would degenerate to but a feverish activity, and under such trial and stress, frail humanity could not endure. They prayed—in quiet moments—in community, they prayed in offering each act to Christ,

and when the long day deepened into night,
the tasks that yet had to be accomplished,
the lamps lit and hung about the grounds,
the trek to their narrow cots in the Novitiate,
the night watches kept beside the sick,
the driving of coyotes from the doors,
all these were prayers, the prayers of those whose lives,
it might be said, were lived "on call."

Scene of Sisters in Chapel

It is much the same today. Demands
are made but in other forms, demands that never
could be met by "policy" alone.
It is prayer—the prayers of these old Sisters
whose active labors now must end. We have
seen them, bent with age, making the Way
of the Cross or bowed low in a chapel
corner, their gnarled fingers slipping the worn beads
of a rosary through countless Aves—or lying, helpless,
on beds of pain—their lips forming words
meant only for the ear of God. Tall, strong
candles, once, self-spent in years of burning
love for God and neighbor, more beautiful
than ever because the short stem of warm,
soft wax takes on the gold of the flame.
Prayer—the prayers of those whose step is firm
and quick—who are bearing now, the Cross. The prayer
of sacrifice, when they would long to spend
peaceful moments in their quiet chapel,
but may make only brief acts of love and hurry
to the floor or offices or laboratory
to pray the busy hours of consecrated service.
And the prayers of the Sisters of St. Joseph
throughout America, in every field
of labor, who designate one day a month
in which they join together in united prayer
"for the patients in our hospitals."

Scene of Doctors

Important as are nurses in a hospital,
there are others who form its very core.
the Doctors—and side by side with the Sisters
of St. Joseph, these men worked unflinchingly.
Day or night they might be called to distant
scenes of suffering, or roused to hasten
to St. Mary's as a wagon load of train
or mine disasters would be hurried in.
They, too, were westerners, and shared

the lives and deaths of those they served.
The giant, blustering Dr. Handy, who himself
died at St. Mary's from a gun wound.
Dr. Phelps, Southern Pacific—
One by one they could be named, the doctors
of these early days. Men of such calibre
that their memories have built a living
monument to their profession in the West
A living monument—not made of rock,
inanimate, but of life on life, a stacking
of dedicated days and nights, piling
up to years, to decades, up and on
to a century. St. Mary's bells,
today, are diamond because the doctors of Tucson
have been men of knowledge, valor, understanding
because St. Mary's staff has always been so loyal!

Full Chorus:

Ring brightly, bells of old Tucson,
San Augustin chimes, sing on and on.
And clanging bells of a chugging train,
jangle of bell-horse tossing his mane,
jingle of spur and rhythmic clink
of a string of cattle plodding to drink
all sing of a pueblo,
where life is strong,
and a city shall rise
from their lusty song.
Theh bells of St. Mary's were
set ringing today
by the same hands that fashioned
and set in play
the bells of old Tucson.

Solo:

Progress had not come quickly,
and those conveniences which we are apt
to call necessities today, were simply
not available. Water had to be pumped
by hand and heated on wood stoves
for patients' baths. Instruments
were sterilized by coal-oil lamps.
Time and desert had left their marks
upon the little building, and
so many pleaded for admission that
expansion was imperative, and Sisters
who had spent their day in nursing
had but a basement for their convent.
It seemed impossible to meet the needs,

yet in the face of all adversity,
rose new floors to crown the first
St. Mary's, and wing by wing began
expansion that has continued through the decades,
that needs must still continue, for as Tucson
has grown and gained distinction as a city
so has its refuge for its sick, and Tucsonians
can look with pride upon the "jewel" they set
upon their western foothill, can find security
in facets they have made possible
to increase its shining—for the finer
its equipment, the more efficient can be its care.

Scene of Sanatorium

With the turning of the century, there came
a startling innovation in the treatment
of tuberculosis—sun and air!
Unheard of! Yet persisted Dr. Fenner
in the novel plans to erect
a building, circular in shape, so that
every room could be open to the
healthful Tucson sun—St. Mary's Sanatorium.
Another novelty in that same year
was introduced, the first Wappler-Belvue
x-ray in the territory of Arizona.
Sister Ambrosine, Sister Cataline, Sister Archangela.
Many names should be included here.

Scene of early student nurses

By nineteen-hundred-fourteen, new needs
had arisen, new promises of growth, and so
a School of Nursing was established,
Sister Francis de Sales had opened it, and then
was called by death in three short years,
and was replaced by one who gained distinction
for herself and for St. Mary's because
of her untiring work to help
the youthful state of Arizona
organize its nursing legislation.
Thus was Sister Evangelista honored
by its government to be
the first nurse registered in Arizona,
and appointed to serve as a member of its board,
a privilege which many of the Sisters,
since, have shared. And today, St. Mary's
School of Nursing holds the dignity to be
the first in Arizona to receive
full accreditation from the National
League of Nursing.

Scene of modern graduation

New hands, then, took up their part
in the cutting of these diamond bells.
Student Nurses, young women who recognized
within themselves the qualities and call
to serve the sick. With Religious and
with Doctors they would carry on
the tradition of St. Mary's.
More than that, they would be part
of that profession which today,
in eyes of God and man, ranks
high in quality and dignity, that
Christ-like, spends itself in loving service
rendered to the neighbor. And the
Oath of Hippocrates and Pledge
of Florence Nightingale take on
eternal aspect when carried out
in union with the Savior, and
with those whose lives are vowed to God,
blend in reverberant harmony.

Full Chorus:

O hands of St. Mary's Nurses
who have served throughout the years,
be blessed, be blessed eternally
for your priceless share
in the cutting and the polishing
of these diamond bells,
and may the hill-fringed desert echo
with their peals of grateful prayer!

*Scene inside of 3 West**Solo:*

World War I had rocked America,
and soldiers were returning, sick
and broken from the trenches,
Veterans' Hospitals were few, and until
the government could build one in Tucson,
St. Mary's volunteered her care for those
who fought so valiantly. Then
in the footsteps of the war, there came
disease, and again, a flinging open
of St. Mary's doors to aid in the
nation-wide distress. And always there
were emergencies from railroad, mine,
or ranch, the sudden stroke of sickness, or
new lives to be called forth, and often there

would be no respite, day or night, from ceaseless ministering. And all the time from eighteen-ninety-three until nineteen-hundred-twenty, a quiet figure had been fulfilling duties, bearing the heavy burdens of administration, had been accepting failure and success, alike, as part of God's great plan for souls. And when she was relieved of office, it seemed that Mother Fidelia's spirit lingered still.

But this was no time for reminiscing, for these were years of rapid change such as the world had hardly seen before, when decades witnessed progress as would have held a century in awe.

Scene of Lab technicians

Techniques were changing, and laboratory science growing out of embryo years of intrepid research. Other hands joined those of Sisters, Doctors, Nurses. They were the skilled technicians, whose role is no less glorious because of their obscurity. Their deep accompaniment gives richness to the tones of St. Mary's diamond bells.

Scenes of nurses' home and old convent

These were decades, too, of greater growth than the first Sisters could have dreamed. Wing after wing was added to the hospital, the nurses' home enlarged, a new convent furnished by the western author, Harold Bell Wright, and then, at last, the chapel! How the Sisters longed to give to Christ surroundings worthy of their God, yet they knew He would prefer what finances were theirs, be spent for further care and comfort for the sick.

And yet they prayed, novena on novena to St. Therese, the Little Flower. They were not alone in their desire. It was, too, the fervent prayer of Bishop Gerke. And so when he was in attendance at a meeting in the East, he met, to all appearances, by chance, a scientist named Thomas Murray Jr., who was interested

in the mission fields of Arizona,
and he asked the Bishop if he knew
where, in the West, he could build a chapel
to the memory of his mother.
Catherine Bradley Murray.

Scene of Chapel

That is the story of St. Catherine's Chapel,
the heart of all St. Mary's. And the lilt
of bells that sing the Angelus to desert
winds, sing, too, of hope and confidence
in Him who is the Divine Physician
to those who lie in need of healing.
And their tones wing heavenward in prayer
for those who shared their molding,
Mother Vincentina, Mother Charles,
Mother Victoria, Mother Ildephonse,
who took the Cross, one from another,
carried it valiantly, and passed it on
to other hearts and hands.

Scenes of South Wing and Cadet Nurses

From out the ranks of the many nurses
who have shared in the drama of St. Mary's,
are some who have volunteered a lasting role
among the Sisters of St. Joseph,
who chose to trade their cap and pin
for veil and Crucifix. One of these
was Sister Eileen, an early graduate,
who returned to give back years of service
in the hospital of her training, and later
was appointed its superior. Not long
after she had seen completion of the
modern annex on the south.
America was again struck by war.
Doctors and nurses rallied to the lines
of battle, and those who stayed at home
shouldered willingly more work than they could do.
But the immediate, efficient training
of army and navy nurses became imperative.
The government inaugurated recruiting
centers, and designated St. Mary's School
of Nursing as one to train its new cadets.
Proudly could St. Mary's serve again
her country in its time of need, and
she sought to foster in the hearts of these
valorous women, the love of God and country,
the badge of which they so bravely wore
in their trim blue uniform!

Scene of Tucson from air

When hostilities had ceased at last,
 Mother Anne Lucy, looking out across
 the miles of roofs that once were desert plains,
 could watch the tide of progress that was flooding
 out to meet the Catalina Foothills, pushing over
 toward the Rincons, the Santa Ritas,
 and knew that she would have to carry on
 the endless building, building of St. Mary's
 that it might always meet the needs
 of those who, too, were building—the city of Tucson.

Full Chorus:

Ring sweetly, chapel chimes,
 Ring brightly!
 Three times
 a century has
 come and gone.
 And Sisters of St. Joseph see
 another hundredth jubilee,
 a ceaseless song
 from old Le Puy
 to Tucson.
 The diamond bells of St. Mary's
 find voice in her chapel chimes!

*Scene of new service unit**Solo:*

Nineteen-hundred-fifty—and while
 tercentenary fetes were being held,
 other music lent its rhythm to the
 onrolling centuries foretold by Bishop
 de Maupas du Tour. It was the ring
 of steel on steel, the roar of riveting,
 the grating crunch of wet cement.
 St. Mary's was reaching higher, stretching out
 her arms to these who needed care.

*Series of Scenes of floor help, kitchen, aides, workmen,
 auxiliaries*

And with the rise of buildings,
 the spread of walks and lawns,
 the hum of intricate machinery,
 comes the need for hands—all the hands
 that keep a busy day in motion.
 O hands, your work cannot be measured

by a clock in which you stamp your hours
 in and out. Work is love made
 visible, the means that God has given
 you to show your love for dear ones,
 the means by which all of us
 must work out our salvation.
 And your work shares in the beatitude
 of Blessed are the merciful,
 for each daily, humble task that you perform
 enables other hands to better care
 for Christ's beloved sick.
 Your hands, too, have shaped St. Mary's diamond
 bells. You, too, share in their diamond ringing.
 And other hands have come to join the sculpting
 of St. Mary's bells. Those who give
 of their possessions, for without such monetary
 aid, no institution could subsist.
 Others, still, from their wealth of knowledge
 offer service and advice. And some there are
 who give the gift of self, their time,
 their energy—St. Mary's Auxiliaries—
 There is a quiet radiance about these women
 that has a way of spreading Christ-like charm.

Long distance scene of St. Mary's

It has taken a multitude to set
 these diamond bells to ringing.
 Their theme is strong and resonant,
 and their beauty sweeps down St. Mary's
 halls and out across the city
 of Tucson—a symphony of life and hope—
 to challenge and inspire.

Full Chorus:

Diamond bells—
 Today you heard their singing.
 Tomorrow, like clouds
 hurrying their purple shadows
 across the desert
 they will be winging
 off to a century.
 And the story they will tell
 will depend upon the bell
 that you will shape
 for their ringing!

Choral selection and living tableau

